on Its foundations as a leaf on the whirl-
wind, chimneys tottering and washing down
the khud from the roof and brick walls crump-
ling up like paper. Though the town escaped
more easily than most, even here people lying
in their beds were carried bodily along, and
the Vicereine herself had a narrow escape from
a stack of chimneys which crashed through
the room above her. At BhagI, only three
miles away, the hot springs of the Satlej shot
jets sixty feet high, accompanied by a roar as
of artillery, while in the Kangra Valley fire
belched forth from the mountain side. At
Dharamsala, a neighbouring military station,
hundreds of gallant little Gurkhas were swept
in a moment Into the presence of that King
who for them has no terrors, while almost the
entire white official community perished. The
rising tide of the gaieties of the opening Simla
season was delayed in its mad rush for a few
days by a force yet more determined, more
compelling, and the poor moths fluttering

round the lamp of pleasure were arrested, shivering with terror, home stricken, their gay wings cramped, paralysed, as they realised what worms they were in the presence of an imperious power. It was as if nature, like an

outraged